## The Jailer's Daughter.

"What y' in for?" asked the jailer's daughter, peering through the bars. she was a gangling girl of sixteen. Boy Hero in Needham, Mass., with blue eyes and light wavy hair hanging loose over her back. The prisoner was a stalwart young fellow of twenty.

"Horse stealing." "Couldn't y' find nothing better t' HIS LITTLE SWEETHEART do than that?"

"I didn't steal any horses. A man with a grudge against me put up a job

"Is that so? Y' ortn't t' swing if y' didn't do it."

The prisoner went on reading a paper that had been given him. "I'd let y' out," she added in a low tone, "only pop keeps too sharp a

watch on the keys, and there ain't much time." The young man turned from his payou wish," he said.

"How?" "Can you get a saw?" "Nothing but a buck saw."

"That won't do. Bring me a file and a case knife."

can get the case knife easy enough." the beroism of her sweetheart, Pilip ering his hands with the bedelothing med on a piano directly over his head marrowly escaped death. so that the noise of cutting could not

again, and he said to her: "Goodby. If after he had been forced to drop the back to reward you."

"I've been thinking I'd go with you,"

"All right. Meet me soon after 2 o'clock tomorrow morning outside the

wall." er they ran for a time, then when they could run no longer walked and consulted.

"It's only five miles t' the railroad this way," said the girl. "Reckon we better get ou a train.'

"Haven't got any money. Besides, we couldn't likely get a train till morning, and they'd get us sure." "What'll we do?"

et. We'll go in there and see what we stream.

stable to feed his stock. He saw then the surface, but became so chilled he That's what I'm most afraid of; if he and wondered who they were and what they were doing there. When several hours later a posse headed by

the surface, but became so chilled he had to release his hold when he was pulled out by others.

He insisted in seeking the body, howthe jaller, frantic at the loss of his ever, and again saw it through the ice A little weather news is all the paper'd daughter, came along and asked the several yards further down the river. rancher if he had seen a man and a Breaking the ice above he caught the It's lucky that my Uncle Jim can't algirl go by, he told them that he had boy's clothing with a hockey stick and seen them go into the thicket.

Now, the thicket was large, and there were places in it hard to get through. It was ransacked, but the fugitives were not found. The sheriff. who was with the party, sent the jailer on with a couple of men, while the ed to burn the couple out and expect- drowned while skating. ed the Jaffer if present would raise an objection, fearing for his daughter's

The couple had wormed themselves into a tangled place where they had smelled smoke. The man paled.

"We must get out of this," he said.

And they dragged themselves from seeing his object, joined her efforts to two hours later. seeing his object, joined her efforts to his. The fire came on, crackling and roaring, and when it reached them it found them in the open space covered caught fire and she screamed for her two not make the first open down stairs.

Mrs. Morrison was coming down stairs with a lighted lamp, when the lamp either dropped or exploded. Her clothing caught fire and she screamed for her true lamp what we meant followed closely in the wake of the were fearfully burned. flames. Passing some fifty yards from the couple covered with dirt and ash REVIVED WITHIN es, they saw nothing more than a couple of earth heaps. The prisoner and Pastor Taking Last Look at His Priend the girl lay still till they could no longer hear sounds from the hunting party, then arose and threw off the dirt and ashes.

wood and when the night came on, fune al. guided by the north star, walked till guided by the north star, walked till young had been ill a long time, and morning, when they again rested in a few days ago he apparently died. A so the neighbors sailt was all; wood. In this way, traveling nights and sleeping days, feeding on berries and sleeping days, feeding on berries and what else they could find, they prepared for burial by an undertaker prepared for burial by an undertaker the caught a little cold, that was all. put miles between them and the jail, and placed in a casket. put miles between them and the juil.

Finally they brought up at a large bouse to express their sympathy to the family, among the visitors being Rev. J. Thought is soon would go away, to the house as though familiar with the country of the church to the country of the country to the country of the country to the country of the country to the family, among the visitors being Rev. J. Thought is soon would go away.

But the cold was there to stay the premises. A man came riding to which the Youngs belong. ward them on horseback. When he gaw them, he refued in his horse.

dependence. But for this girl I would gazing at the face he thought he dehave swung at the end of a rope. Itested the twitching of a numeric. He he caught a little cold, that was all tested the twitching of a numeric. He caught a little cold, that was all seeding."

The father put out his hand to the returned prodigat.

had saved from a felon's death. ABNOLD ATHERTON.

and stay for the greater part of the in the next room. They ded from the summer, while so unoccurred and state one and placed one a bed, and it is believed one night describing a voyage and address plainly. The persistence as 130 degrees is not one a bed, and it is believed one night describing a voyage and address plainly. The persistence as 130 degrees is not one a bed, and it is believed one night describing a voyage with the receipt of the order. spewn in that country.

# 5 SKATERS DIE IN ICY WATERS

Rescues

From Death-Double Drowning at Webster, Mass .- Saturday's Fatalities on the Treacherous

Needham, Mass., Jan. 20.-Breaking The young man turned from his pa-through the ice while skating hand-in-per. "You can help me to get out if hand with Kuth Foster, a girl chum of the same age, Gustaf Youngbain, 12, of Kimball acceet, was drowned in the Needham seservoir beneath the gaze of half a hundred of his companious Sat-

urday afternoon. The little Foster girl, benumbed and stmi-conscious, was rescued after be-"Pop's got a file among his tools. I ing 10 minutes in the water, through She went away, returning with the Fanning, a 13-year-old lad, who has articles asked for. The prisoner, covlar fate in the past six weeks.

that the filing should not be heard, er than many present, took command of proceeded to make a saw of the knife. the entire situation. Together with With one or both he proposed to cut Chester Heath, captain of the Needaam away the bars to his window. This he high school team, who made a sensationdid while the jailer's daughter strum- al effort to save Youngbain, Fanning

Both were dragged from the water benumbed and exhausted. Fanning, the smaller lad, with the little Foster girl When he had finished, the girl came tight in his arms, and Heath, the larger I get out safely, some day I may come drowned by to save himself. The incident occurred at about 2:45.

He looked at her earnestly for some time without speaking. What he was thinking she didn't knew. At last he said:

### Hundred Saw Him Drowned.

Newton, Mass., Jan. 20, Struggling in the deep waters of Crystal Lake, Newton It's lucky that my Uncle Jim can't al-When the prisoner heard the jailer's children were horror-stricken eve-wit-Center, while a hundred men, women and clock wheeze out 2 in the morning, he removed the bars, got out of the window, climbed a wall and stole away.

He was joined by the girl, and togeth
were horror stricken eye with nesses of his desperate struggies, Richard we've seen in many a day.

Although he's bout the smartest man be lad.

We'll, we've seen in many a day.

He always has an answer pat, no matter what you ask;

Faver

Faver

Tit Bits. ight. After considerable difficulty the boy's body was recovered by the em-ployes of the Crystal Lake Ice company

recovered it. Double Drowning.

Webster, Jan. 20,-Webster pond was searened unsuccessfully yesterday for bodies of Peter Caplette, aged 22, the and Miss Annie Marrier, 19 years old, who have been missing since Friday rest completed the search. He intend night, and who are believed to have been

COUPLE DIE FROM BURNS.

Lamp Accident Fatal to Mr. and Mrs. P seen him when he done it-Morrison,

not been followed. Presently they Mrs. George Morrison, who were frigutfully burned by the overturning or explosion of a lamp in their home early I'd always took to Sadyyesterday, died last night at the home their hiding place and moved on, com- of a neighbor, George O. Brown, across For her was born a lady, ing to an open space. The man paused the street, where they were taken after and looked about him. Then he began the accident. Mrs. Morrison was the first to scrape away the dead leaves and to succumb to her injuries, dying at 1 And when we'd saw her getting to scrape away the dead leaves and o'clock, her husband ending its sufferings. To no more be the sa everything that could burn. The girl, two hours later.

by what loose earth they had been husband, who rushed to her assistance, able to scrape together. The posse His clothing also caught fire and both

AN HOUR OF BURIAL.

Detects a Muscle Twitching.

St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 20.-William Young of Savannah, barely escaped being buried alive, regaining consciousness They stayed that day in the burned only an hour before the time set for the

Young had been ill a long time, and

The mourners had assembled for the He caught a little cold, that was all. aw them, he reined in his horse. burial, and the time was only an hour the caught a little cold, that was all; "Father," said the young man, "I've distant when Rev. McLaughlin went income home. I don't want any more in- to the room where the corps lay to take He sneezed and coughed and mumbled,

The body of Young had been lying in The cold grew quite surprising, eturned prodignt.

The casket twenty four hours and was the temperature kept rising cold. The minister feared that he had And the doctor came advisingdaughter had returned from an cust- been mistaken, and not desiring to cause He caught a little cold, that was all. daughter had refurned from an oast excitement among the people as coulded on the caught a little cold, that was all; summoned a physician, who soon found And he lay quiet, neatly dressed that Young was still alive. Then the In his very Sunday hest.

presents weat out and announced that In a long unbroken rest-Terrid Persia. the funeral would be persponed. At the caught a little cold, that was all moments stays at 100 degrees night edits and was usen by some at their



JINGLES AND JESTS \*AAAAAAAAAAA

An Ambiguity. Clergyman-You can, however, comfort yourself with the thought that you with boiled springs."-Tit Bits. made your husband happy while he

in hehven until he died.-Judge. Lusky.

ways have his way.

Although he's bout the smartest man the lad.

Widow-Yes, indeed! Dear Jack was

fline from any task; He talks about the tariff an' bout local

"Hide some place near by till the excitement has died out. There's a thick-swift current carried the body down He'd let no man alive get more than can be brand at a longer dir

what his work was worth; Herman Clark, aged 30, discovered the He'd settle every argument beyond all They went into the thicket just as a body. He brake a hole in the ice and room for doubt rancher near by was going into his dived into 20 feet of water for the An' leave us absolutely nothin' to dis-

> got the upper hand, There wouldn't be a thing but peace and quiet in the land;

have to say. ways have his way. -Washington Star.

He Was Political. "Your father is in politics," said the stranger, "is he not?" "Yes," replied the boy, "but mom

thinks he's getting cured of it." "How do you mean!" "Way, his stummick has gone back on him an' he can't drink like he uster."-Catholic Standard and Times.

Woe to The Snooker. I ain't told no one why; Campton, N. H., Jan. 20 .- Mr. and But-well, 'twas her begun it To hinder he and I.

I liked the ways of sher Which were not you nor me.

To no more be the same,

I'll learn him what we meant-He hadn't ought to did it,

Nor had she ought to went. But her and me will floor him-I ain't began in fun; Who'd went there long before him

And witnessed all he done, I sin't content with scorning-I'll biff his map to rag. Because he snook that morning And leaved her held the bag.

-Richmond Times Dispatch. A Little Cold.

ie, "we passed an island which was posiively red with lobsters,"
"But," said one of the guests, smiling

"Of course not," replied the undaunted Whose memory will never fade; admiral; "but this was a volcanic island

Substitute Laundresses.

"Well, who does the washing when your mother's away!"
"Faver and annover gentleman!"—

Rochester, N. H., Jan. 20.—Euclid
Tremaine, aged 13 years, son of Mr. and
Mrs. George Tremaine, was drowned while skating alone on the Cochoco river here Saturday. He broke through the jer.

He'd sou is a cleeked an' jes'

All the calls in the regular army are sounded by bugic instead of by drum, the latter lustrument being used only in concerted music. This is because a drum may easily have its bead broken and is difficulty and its difficulty an gives a far clearer sound, and its calls

Lines to Louisa.

A week ago we had a maid,

You should have seen Louisa! She piled the plates on which we dined So very high they called to mind The leaning tower of Pisa.

Will you please tell your mother that the washing is not satisfactory?" said When carried by our kitchen queen a lady woo had her laundering done by (Whose other name was Dennis). bow work alone.

But rose as straight as spire or tree,

"Muvver's away," was the reply of And then her model seemed to be The Campanile, Venices.

> The leaning tower was first to go, And when it hit the floor below The havor was appalling! At once another crash occurred, And then, alast we knew we heard

'Pray leave," she cried, "ere I go wild!"

-Harper's Weekly.

# Today's Suggestion by Ellen Stan. mont's subway was earning a surplus of \$4,000,000; what was more simple and

SCHOOL DRESS OF PLAIN GINGHAM.

FOUNG girls' styles are difficult to select satisfactorily, for it goes without saying that they must be perfect in a combination of the latest and most fashionable details and still must retain the youthfulness which is their greatest charm,

The jumper dress shown in the accompanying illustration will be pretty fashioned from either plain or fancy goods and may be worn with either a colored or a white guimpe. The design of this little frock, made as it is with a guimpe, gives opportunity for a variety of different combinations. This



recommends it to the mother who intends fashioning It from a discarded dress belonging to some older member of the family. In this case there may be enough material for the skirt and the freck is for easl days, a pretty plaid or plain silk will be effective used for

the guimpe. Heavy cotton ma- He says: terials such as linen, pique and gingham are particulardress. They will stand the rough usage that girls give them and will been the case for several years. On the counters are displayed quantities of the color scheme is reversed. Of course and those handling dealgns in white are Both flat and

remarkably pretty. round braids have an important place among trimmings.

and ducks are trimmed with white braid stitched on the material both in straight lines and fancy designs. The broad collar and band cuffs are a The man stattered out something about trimmed with the braid. They may be either of white linea or materia the dress. The pattern for this little dress comes in four sizes-for girls from i to

twelve years of age. For a girl of eight years of age it requires 4% yards of material 20 inches wide or 215 yards 44 inches wide.

monoster stays at 100 degrees night to the most room. They were Beiled.

They were Beiled.

They wanter were me greet me mouth and put salt on their toan.

An old almiral, well known for his powers of exaggration, was at supper one night describing a voyage.

They were Beiled.

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An old almiral, well known for his powers of exaggration, was at supper one night describing a voyage.

While counting in the Pacific," said the receipt of the order.

## FAXXXXXXXXXXXXX MAGAZINE REVIEW.

\*AAAAAAAAAAA

To Make Flax as Cheap as Cotton. For more than two thousand years of historic record, man has annually wasted from one-third to one-half of wasted from one-third to one-haif of the actual flax crop. So writes Frank N. Bauskett in the Technical World Magazine for February. Worse than this, he has added to this waste the great expense of the primitive, slow, hand-process of getting the fiber ready for the mills, and linea has heretofore never been produced in quantities suffitient to meet the demand, when it hould be in use as universally as cot-

Flax is such a curiously complex plant that it was thought necessary to sacrifice some of its virtues in order to secure the benefit of others. No one was able to contrive a way to make use of all the properties of the most ancient of all the human race. In Europe flax is raised for the fiber, which necessitates the sacrifice of the seed, the harvest never being allowed to ripen; in the United States flax is raised for the seed for making oil and the fiber is sacrificed, which means that millions of tons of the finest fiber-yielding straw, better than that which furnishes the chief supply of the world, is being burned annually. With this introduction the writer goes on to describe a new process by which the preparation of flax for the mills is reduced from a matter of weeks to a matter of hours, and to tell how the economy thus accomplished is to cheapen the finished product.

An Audacity That Amazed Wall Street.

"Bucaneering on the High Seas," is an industry that has passed away, but that its soul is marching on, remearnated in "modern business methods," there is little doubt after reading the last installment of Burton J. Hendrick's "Great American Fortunes," in the January Mc-Clure's. In preceding articles Mr. Hendrick showed how great transit systems (The same being our forty-seventh of the United States had been exploited neredulously, "lobsters are not red until maid who has gone to smash elsewhere.) and wrecked. The stock had been wa tered so frequently that water was the only remaining ingredient, the substance going to the Ryan ring and the water to the public. Meantime, August Bel mont had put through the new subway a profit to himself and a service to the

public. Mr. Hendrick says:

The subway justified ail anticipations. It was pushed to completion without delay, without graft or scandals of any kind. It was a credit to Belmont, McDonald, and to the city of New York. A few months before it was formally opened. Belmont's Interborough company leased the whole system of elevated roads, and, by greatly improving the service, secured another title to public gratitude. This transaction proved so profitable that the Interborough company, whose main property was the subway, began paying dividends before the subway was opened. Its stock sold for more than \$200 a share, and soon after the underground road began to operate, paid nine per cent, dividends, Everybody perceived that Belmont had the finest and the cleanest street railway proposition in the country, and probably in the world. No one saw this more clearly than Thomas F. Ryan, who now determined to lay hands upon the Interborough company. His Metropolitan was losing \$3,000,000 a year; Beldesirable than to take Belmont's surplus to make good his own deficiency Naturally, Wall street was amazed when Ryan's scheme first became publicly known. This seemed too audacious even for him. Belmont, when first approached on the subject of merging the interbor-ough and the Metropolitan companies, rejected the idea with horror. He knew its history and its condition, and had no ambition to attach to his own vital transit system that body of death. Ryan's genius shows to exceptional advantage in the methods which he now adopted in bringing his adversary to terms. He showed himself an expert in the art of using public opinion for his private pur poses, and in converting the several agencies of government into instruments for the accomplishment of his personal ends."

What the Rich Eat.

In "The Metropolis," by Upton Sinjumper, but not clair in The American Magazine (beginsufficient to com-plete the dress. If hold of a very interesting piece of work. Probably nothing has been written which more details of the life of the idle rich in and about New York City.

After describing the arrangements away from me?" made for a "society" luncheon, Mr. Sinelair proceeds to tell what was eaten.

'Someone had worked hard over the ordering of this hunch—to secure the maximum of explosive effect. They callly desirable for this ed it a 'topsy-turvy' luncheon. It began with ice cream, molded in fancy shapes and then buried in white of egg and baked brown. Then there was a turtle soup, thick and green and greasy; and then-horror of horrors-a great steamcome from the laun- ing plum pudding. It was served in a dry equal to new. strange phenomenon of a platter, with Percale is also good six long silver legs; and the waiter set and is used more in front of Robbie Walling and lifted this season than has the cover with a sweeping gesture—and been the case for then removed it and served it himself. Montague had about made up his mind that this was the end, and began to fill up on bread and butter, when there appeared cold asparagus, served in individthis material in at- nat silver holders resembling andirons tractive designs. Then-appetite now sufficiently whether some with dark fig. there came quail, in piping hot little ures and stripes on casecoles; and then half a grape fruit a dark background, set in a block of ice and filled with wine; and others in which and then little runb ducklings, burstcafe parfait; and then as if to crown the audacity huge thick slices of reast the former are more | beef | Montague had given up long ago dressy, but are more | be could keep no track of the daluge entily soiled. In of food which poured forth, And bethe latter brown tween all the courses there were wines and blue are the fa- of precious brands, tumbled helter-skelvorite backgrounds | ter-sherry and port, champagne and dayet and liqueur."

T-t-two of a K-k-ind.

A tall man, imputiently pacing the platform of a wayside station, accosted a red-baired boy of about twelve. among trimmings. S.s. say," he said, "d.d.do y.you know Piain colored linens ha ha how late this train is"

The boy grinned but made no reply. his death." e red headed kids in general and passed into the station.

A stranger, overhearing the one-sided onversation, asked the boy why he da's amwered the big man.

"Can you find my dog?" said an old lady to the man at the deak at a police station. She was a diminutive woman with a pale face and grimly gray wavy hair pulled down in an old fashioned way over her temples.

"Your dog, madam?" "Yes. He's been missing for weeks. I'm sure he's been stolen, for he wouldn't have left me willingly for the world. He's a Scotch terrier, and his name is Tip. He loves me better than any one, and somehow I can't get along without him." "When did you miss him, madam?"

"It's three weeks ago last Wednesday. I saw a strange man call to him and pet him. I thought the man had taken a fancy to him - he's such a beauty-but didn't suppose he would steal him. Poor little Tip!" The last words were spoken with as

much tenderness as if Tip had been a kidnaped child. "Is that all? Were there no other suspicious circumstances connected

with your dog's disappearance?" "Nothing connected with the dog, but something happened that night. Burglars entered the house and took the few spoons I had left of my grandfather's silver."

"Have you recovered them?"
"No, but I wouldn't mind that so much if I had Tip, though I'm very poor. I'm afraid they're not treating him well, and I'm lonesome without

him." "H'm! The man who petted him took him to deprive you of the alarm the dog would give when the house was entered. Burglars won't enter a house without first getting rid of the dog if there is one."

"Do you think so? I supposed he admired him. Everybody admires Tip. Here's his picture."

She drew a photograph from her reticule and handed it to the officer, who inspected it, muttering to himself, "Ugly enough to be a prize fighter." Then to the lady, "I fancy they may not have killed your dog, madam"-"Heaven forbid!" she interrupted,

raising her hands and her eyes. "They would more likely try to sell him since they could easily get a big price for him. I'm afraid we can't do anything for you, madam. If your dog hadn't been stolen to enable the thief or thieves to rob your rouse, I should advise you to advertise a reward for his return, stating that no questions would be asked. But, you see, if they got away with your spoons they wouldn't risk trying to get a reward for the dog. They're not quite such big fools as that. No, ma'am; we can't find your dog for you, but if you choose to leave your address if suything turns up we'll let you know."

The old lady went away sorrowful. A week passed when one morning a policeman called upon her and said the chief would like to see her at the station. She went there and saw the

same man behind the desk as before. "I have word," he said, "that a suspicious character is loltering about Arlington, fifty miles up the railroad. He's got a dog with him which he's trying to sell. I've phoned them to arrest him and hold him till we can discover if the dog's yours."

"Til go right away and see," cried the old lady excitedly. "There's no occasion for that," said the man at the desk. "Just walt a

moment." He took up a telephone receiver, called the police station at Arlington and asked to have the dog brought to the phone. When it was announced the dog was there, the chief talked in the receiver: "Hello, doggy! Doggy want a bone? Hello, Tip, Tip, Tip!" Then he asked how the dog had taken his call. The reply came that the only recognition he showed was a slight pricking up his ears at the name Tip. "Now, madam," said the chief, "you

talk to him." "Tip! Is that you, Tip? Did the naughty man take my little doggie For reply there came a series of

Joyful barks. "Let up," came a policeman's voice, "or the dog'll break the machine." The chief ordered the dog sent down,

and the same afternoon he was in his

mistress' arms-that is, so long as she could keep him there, for he jumped down and up and circled about, barking, while the old lady sat with joyful tears streaming down her checks. It was a few days after this that the lady received a note from the president of the -th National bank stating that if she could find it convenient to

to see her. He added an invitation for her to bring her dog. She sent a reply that the dog was not for sale. That afternoon the president called on the "There's no use," she said, "for you

call at the bank he would be pleased

to try to buy Tlp. I wouldn't part with him for all the money in your bank."

"Nor would I deprive you of him for twice that amount. I have called to tell you that Tip has been the means of our recovering \$100,000 worth of stolen securities. When you called to him over the phone, the man who had him was about to be released. He was held for further investigation and turned out to be one of a gang that robbed our bank six months ago. Here are your spoons, and here is the reward offered for the information leading to the recovery of our bonds. I give it to you in trust for Tip as long as he lives, though you are to spend the income and have the principal at

Tip and his mistress are living in BEXULY. MARKL D. HENDRICS.

Long Island Weather Forecasting. Place twelve onlone in a row on Christmas Day; name each after a